

they answer boldly that their spirits can give but the one or the other.

When one of these Savages dies, his relatives come to mourn his death during an entire day, then they array him in his most beautiful dresses, they paint his face and his hair, and ornament him with plumes, after which they carry him to the grave prepared for him, placing by his side his arms, a kettle, and some provisions. For the space of a month, his relatives come at the dawn of day and at the beginning of the night, to weep for half an hour at his grave. Each one names his degree of relationship. If he were the father of a family, the wife cries, "My dear husband, ah! how I regret you!" The children cry, "My dear father!" The others, "My uncle! my cousin!" etc. The nearest relatives continue this ceremony for three months; they cut off their hair in sign of grief, they abstain from painting the body, and are never found at any assembly for festivity.

When any foreign Nation comes to treat of peace with the *Natchez* Savages, they send their couriers to give notice of the day and hour when they shall make their entrance. The great Chief orders the Masters of ceremony to prepare all things for this grand occasion. They begin by naming those who during each day should support the strangers, for the expense never falls upon the Chief, but always on his subjects. Then they clear the roads, they sweep the cabins, they arrange the seats in a large hall which is on the mound of the great Chief by the side of his cabin. His throne, which is on an elevation, is painted and ornamented, and the bottom is furnished with beautiful mats.